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Student announces their completely original, totally unique, brand new opinion that no one has ever heard before



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Fluff about whatever is going on at this school, brought to you 2-3 weeks after it happened



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Plaid-shirted white male scoffs at everyone's music taste, claims no one understands real art, "No, you HAVE to listen to it on vinyl."



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The Grind Never Stops
Take No Days Off
Work Hard Play Harder
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Event of the Week

An expensive guest speaker whose lecture will be wildly under-attended

Propaganda of the Week

Wooster admits record numbers following I.S. Monday



Wooster students celebrate drinking on the only day it is marketable for a school that typically has a Puritanical approach to alcohol (Photo courtesy YOUR MOM and wooster.edu)

Michael Hatchett
@AmHatchett

An overwhelming amount of students have committed to attending the College of Wooster after visiting the school during I.S. Monday. The incoming class of 2021 has now grown to around 3,200 students according to the Admissions Office, with most of them committing during or after the events of the past Monday.

"We had sort of a scheduling snafu," claims Bill Sikes, who is the Campus Visit Coordinator for the College. "For some reason, all of our invitations to visit the College in 2017 were somehow scheduled for March 27th. I think the Russians might've hacked us. I've never seen anything like it, Monday was the most stressful day of my life," he added, sipping on a Jack and Coke.

The College hosted over 600 students and families on Monday, many of them accidentally getting swept up into the festivities. "Hell yeah I'm goin' here! That's the best visit I've ever had! I called up all my friends and told them to

enroll too!" said John Wemmick, an incoming freshman from Yazoo City, Mississippi. "Someone gave me an entire bottle of champagne and called me their best friend," said Louisa Boudierby, another incoming freshman. "I've never had a best friend before," she added.

While many of the visiting students attended tours officially sanctioned by the Admissions Office, many more were given tours by inebriated seniors who were feeling overly sentimental about the school. "One student just showed us every place on campus that she boned in. My dad wanted to leave once we got to the President's House. This place is magical," stated Nell Trent, a participant on one of the unofficial tours. Many other students echoed similar sentiments.

"Kenyon's dining hall may look like Hogwarts but nobody there accidentally gave my grandparents weed brownies. I can't wait to be a Fighting Scot!" said Amy Dorrit, a new Wooster student whose entire family has attended Kenyon since it was founded by her great-great-great grandfather. Amy is one of many previously uninterested accepted students who now can't wait to attend

the College.

"We were actually on our way to Denison and got lost in Wooster when the GPS broke! We pulled over to ask for directions and somehow ended up at a dance party inside something called Yost House. Now all four of my terrible sons want to go here," said Bradley Headstone, father of the first quadruplets set to attend to Wooster.

"I was accepted to Harvard, Yale and Princeton. I was deciding between the three and we were really just here for my younger brother, who is still a junior in high school. But I think I will join the ranks of this esteemed college. I like the cut of its jib," said Sarah Gamp, another one of Wooster's newest students and Nobel Prize recipient.

When asked how ResLife would accommodate housing for all the new students, Neville Landless, Director of Residence Life, simply threw back his head and laughed. "Housing is fucked already, so who gives a shit?" he added, jumping out of a third story window.

Student notified by Lowry egg station attendant that time is running out Dad

Fucking LOVES Chopped

"Last call on eggs!" is a common refrain heard in Lowry, as students are quick to utilize the eggs station to get cooked-to-order eggs all day long. Recently, the station has taken on another function, as the station is now operating as a reproductive health provider and egg bank.

Director of Campus Dining

Mar-a-Lago Shrimp said, "Given the focus of this station, it only made sense to start serving other types of eggs as well."

Students can drop by the egg station to donate their eggs for flex, in addition to other medical attention.

Given the impending federal budget cuts for women's health providers, some students will be relieved to see that the College has taken it upon themselves to

make the reproductive health of their students a priority.

Ohio Governor John Kasich, who in 2016 said that food banks can provide health care to women more efficiently than Planned Parenthood, is planning to visit the College in the coming months in order to see the program for himself. According to his spokesperson, Kasich is looking to implement similar programs at cafeterias statewide.

SPS DECLARES MARTIAL LAW, BOLTON IMPRISONED

The artist formerly known as Triscuit
Future Editor in Chief

LOWRY, C.O.W. — The College of Wooster's Security and Protective Services (SPS) force, in a proclamation issued by Chief Steve Glick, declared martial law on the campus early this morning, signaling a coup d'état to overthrow the College's administration.

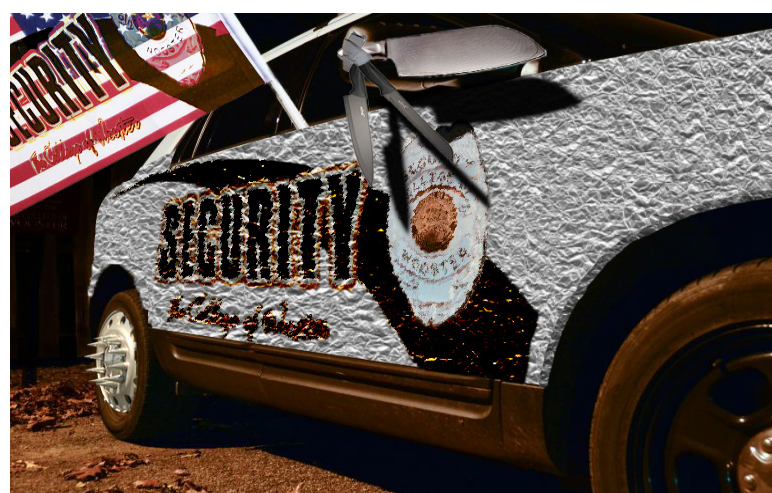
"We have lots of problems on this campus," Glick's edict read, "And we're confident that martial law will be the panacea we've been looking for."

The proclamation states that, until further notice, SPS will be the sole governing body on campus and that all campus policies shall in the meantime be suspended.

Immediately after issuing the proclamation, Glick dispatched SPS officer Trevor Strock to arrest President Sarah Bolton from her home on East University.

According to eyewitnesses, as she was escorted in handcuffs to a security vehicle, all souped

up to be a D.I.Y. armored vehicle, Bolton was dignified — assuring panicked students that she would return to power — and Strock looked almost embarrassed; several times,



Above, check out Security's fucking sick new whips!!!

he sheepishly muttered to his captive, "I'm real sorry about this, Madame President."

Minutes later, SPS officers rode through the campus on small, motorized scooters, distributing slips of paper con-

taining Glick's proclamation.

Suspicious of the all-too-familiar scooters, some have speculated that the SPS coup may be receiving secret funding from former College President

proclamation, as well as a series of pre-written articles, which they called "thinly veiled propaganda" meant to degrade student trust in the administration. Some of the headlines included "The dangers of open forums and panel discussions," "Afraid of Russians reading your emails? You should see what I.T. is doing with them" and "Squirr-veilance? The real reason there are so many squirrels on campus."

Many students expressed grave concern with the SPS commandeering of the *Voice*, as the only remaining campus news source is *The Wooster Vice*, which some have accused of trafficking in falsehoods and fake news. [Editors note: ALL such accusations are FAKE NEWS and should be ignored.]

Meanwhile, in the makeshift SPS jail, sources report observing markedly cordial interactions between Bolton and Strock.

"Back at Williams, I worked with lasers powerful enough to

Continued on page 2

Initiative for more diversity at Covers performances

CC responds to demand for less sad-boy music

Mom
World's Angriest Woman

On March 16, Campus Council (CC) passed a joint resolution to form the Committee for the Promotion of Increased Diversity in Musical Performances and Auditory Entertainment, Particularly with Respect to Musical Performances Hosted by Extracurricular Clubs, Groups, or Organizations at On-Campus Venues (CPIDMOAEPAEPRMPHECGOOCV).

According to CC Chair Jake Jonesing '17, CPIDMOAEPAEPRMPHECGOOCV's stated goal is to increase the diversity of both artists and performers at events hosted by campus groups, such as Wooster Activities Crew's Bonawoo and the Goliard's monthly Covers events.

"I feel confident that I speak for everyone in CC when I say that we would love to see a myriad of performers at these events, and we strongly feel that CPIDMOAEPAEPRMPHECGOOCV can help us achieve that goal," said Jonesing.

"Put more plainly, we're sick of all these sad white boys playing covers of Fleet Foxes or some shit," continued Jonesing. "I mean, Jesus, the next time I hear some sad-eyed, pasty dude who hasn't had a haircut in the past five years announce that he's about to play Helplessness Blues, I will absolutely lose my shit."

After six months of meetings, 13 drafts of a new musical performance policy, and three open forums attended only by a prosopie and two freshmen who were under the impression that all open forums are mandatory, CPIDMOAEPAEPRMPHECGOOCV has decided to ban covers from any band whose name consists of an adverb or adjective and a noun. Among the banned artists are The Black Keys, Arctic Monkeys, Fleet Foxes and The Talking Heads.

Students who served as members on CPIDMOAEPAEPRMPHECGOOCV said they were pleasantly surprised at how well the

Continued on page 2

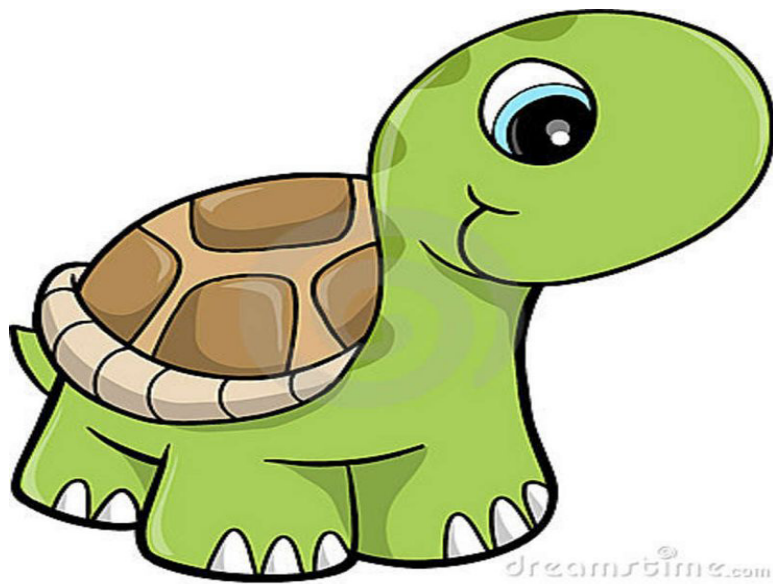
SECURITY BRIEFS

- 3/27 - 11:30 p.m. Compton Hall Suspect, 20, caught drinking while eating fruit.
3/27 - 11:32 p.m. Compton Hall Suspect, 20, resisted security, attempted to run away.
3/27 - 11:33 p.m. Compton Hall Suspect, 20, assault security with banana, flees from security.
3/27 - 11:40 p.m. MOM's Suspect, still 20, seen entering mom's, mom's workers report positive interaction with suspect.
3/27 - 11:55 p.m. MOM's Suspect, 20, vomits.
3/27 - 11:55 p.m. MOM's Mom's workers retract previous statement.
3/27 - 11:57 p.m. MOM's Suspect, 20, assaults security with chicken and cheese quesadillas.
3/27 - 11:57 a.m. MOM's Suspect, 20, flees—security busy eating chicken and cheese quesadillas.
3/28 - 12:01 a.m. Kauke Suspect, 20, reported urinating on Kauke arch, heard shouting "FILL THE ARCH" and motioning for others to join. Others report being disgusted.
3/28 - 12:10 a.m. Kenarden Lounge Suspect, 20, flees into the Kenarden. Presumed lost.
3/28 - 12:30 a.m. President's House Suspect, 20, flees into the president's house to avoid security.
3/28 - 12:39 a.m. President's House Unexplained screams heard from inside house.
3/28 - 12:45 a.m. President's House Suspect, 20, leaves house a changed man.
3/28 - 12:50 a.m. Security office Suspect, 20, turns himself in at security — reported stating "I've learned the error of my ways". Unexplained scar on lower abdomen.
3/28 - 12:51 p.m. Kauke Tower President Bolton, 20, smiles, watching over the campus she has sworn to protect.

Hey y'all. Most weeks we have to grovel for relevant content to fill this section. Do us a favor and do some fucking news-worthy shit this weekend. Thanks for contributing to the only section of the paper that means anything!!

Martial Law cont.

cut through these metal bars," Bolton reminisced. "That's pretty badass, Madame President," replied Strook. Other sources reported seeing Joe Kirk curled up on the ground behind Culbertson Slater in the throes of a nervous breakdown caused by the internal agony of his conflicting allegiances to SPS, as its associate director, and to the students, as director of Greek Life.
By 9:30 a.m., a student resistance militia was beginning to form, spearheaded by Dean of Students, Scott Brown, and student activist and possible saint Chadwick Smith '17. Recruits were told to muster at Bell-Stores, just meters outside of SPS's jurisdiction.
Students, staff and faculty from all walks of college life came to enlist in the Resistance. Members of the equestrian team volunteered to serve as the cavalry, LARP Club became the special ops division, the 4 Paws for Ability puppies and student handlers formed a K9 reconnaissance team and whatever jackass perpetrates the constant "ACTIVE PHISHING



#standwithbolton

SCAMS" turned their powers to good as commander of the cyberwarfare division. Upon enlisting, each recruit received a black College of Wooster baseball cap. The impressive supply of baseball caps led many to speculate that the resistance also had a secret benefactor. Some even suggested that Cornwell's fellow ultra-rich former president, Slytherin Georgia Nugent, was funding the resistance in the hopes of proving that One-Wooster, her signature achievement as president, was effective.

However, Anne-Marie Brown, wife of Scott Brown, confirmed for The Vice that the hats were in fact borrowed from the personal stockpile in Brown's closet. At 11:35 a.m., the campus received an email from President Bolton with the subject "Letter from Culbertson Jail." At press time, the resistance army was preparing to launch its first insurgence. This is a developing story, so be sure to stay tuned to the Vice and check next year's issue for the latest breaking news.

B R E A K I N G Scott Brown's Hat is a Horcrux

After an exhaustive five-month-long investigative effort, The Wooster Vice has confirmed the student body's suspicion that Dean of Students Scott Brown's hat is in fact a horcrux. The first indication that Brown had housed part of his soul in his baseball cap came early on in his tenure at Wooster, when senior Grace Gamble noticed that not only did Brown never remove his hat, but a strange smell seemed to be emanating from it. "It smells like gym socks and garlic," said Gamble. "I've read Harry Potter, I know that's a bad sign. Also, I swear to God I thought I heard it hiss at me once. That's pretty fucking weird. Spencer Gilbert '17, who works in the office of the president and often interacts with Brown, added that Brown's refusal to remove the hat in the office is the primary source of tension between Brown and President Sarah Bolton. "All the time Sarah will be like, 'Scott, take off the damn hat, we're meeting with the trustees in three minutes,'" said Gilbert. "And every time Dean Brown just gets shifty eyed and says something about feeling 'self-conscious about his bald spot.' First of all, what does he mean, bald spot? Do I have to be the one to tell him he's entirely bald?" Gilbert says that though he wasn't certain the hat was a container for a fragment of Brown's soul, he "knew there was some shady shit going on." "I mean, for god's sake, he's a middle-aged man who won't take off his fucking baseball cap," said Gilbert. "Nobody thinks that's normal." When confronted about his suspicious headwear, Brown admitted that the hat was a horcrux he created as insurance in case he was killed in his attempt to overthrow President Bolton and crown himself the grand poobah of The College of Wooster. When asked why he would possibly want ultimate control of a small liberal arts college in the middle of Ohio, a state which has produced 24 astronauts and is arguably so boring that those born here feel the need to leave planet earth, Brown said he hadn't thought that far ahead. "I guess I was just kind of hoping that no one would miss it that much," said Brown. When informed of Dean Brown's plans, student response was mixed. "Are you kidding me? I'd love it if he staged a coup — at least something would finally fucking be happening here," said Elena Sover '17. "My friends' idea of a fun Saturday night activity is watching the corn grow and I'm not kidding, I can't take it anymore." "Who's Dean Brown?" said Eli Millette '17. "We have a Dean of Students?"

Psych majors are cool... SIKE!!!!

According to an internal department survey, The College of Wooster Department of Psychology now has one student who isn't majoring in psychology just for the purposes of diagnosing themselves or others. This shocking turn of events has thrown into question the future of a department that has provided the college community with unparalleled psychiatric advice over the years. Department Chair Angus Garbanzo responded to the Vice's request for comment by saying "This is a sad day for our department. We pride ourselves on producing undergraduates who think their advice is worth more than that of a clinical psychologist, and the fact that there is a student here who does not want to do what we do is deeply troubling."

Campus Council Passes Unanimous Resolution to MAKE HAZING GREAT AGAIN

ON APRIL 1, 2017, CAMPUS COUNCIL PASSED A UNANIMOUS MOTION TO REQUIRE HAZING BY ALL CHARTERED ORGANIZATIONS. COUNCIL CHAIR [REDACTED] SAID IN A STATEMENT THAT "IT JUST MAKES SENSE. I MEAN IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM, JOIN THEM. I LOOK FORWARD TO PADDLING ALL OF THE NEW COUNCILORS." THE DECISION WAS BORN OF A DEBATE REGARDING THE ROLE SELECTIVE ORGANIZATIONS PLAY ON CAMPUS OVERALL. DURING FLOOR DEBATE, AT-LARGE REPRESENTATIVE [REDACTED] ARTICULATED THAT "I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT THE KEY TO ORGANIZATIONAL SUCCESS IS ACCELERATED GROUP BONDING DONE VIA BINGE DRINKING AND RITUALISTIC CHANTING." THE MOTION THAT WAS

PASSED WAS THE RESULT OF "MONTHS" OF HARD WORK, AND WILL BE PUT INTO PLACE FOR THE 17-18 SCHOOL YEAR. TO RECEIVE A CHARTER, GROUPS MUST NOW INCORPORATE HAZING RITUALS INTO THEIR ORIENTATION PROCESS, AND ANY ORGANIZATIONS THAT REFUSE OR FAIL TO DO SO WILL FACE REVIEW AND POTENTIAL REVOCATION OF THEIR CHARTER. WHEN ASKED TO COMMENT, GENDER AND SEXUAL DIVERSITY REPRESENTATIVE [REDACTED] EXPLAINED THAT "LOOK, IT'S WHAT THE CONSTITUENTS WANT. THROUGHOUT THIS PROCESS, THE NUMBER ONE COMPLAINT HAS BEEN THAT COUNCIL DOESN'T DO ENOUGH TO ENCOURAGE STUDENTS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. IF THIS NEW POLICY DOESN'T, WHAT WILL?"



A BEHIND THE SCENES PICTURE OF REAL INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM

The Wooster Vice

The College of Wooster's Student Newspaper Since 1883 B.C.E.

Of course this isn't real, dipshit

Mom & Dad:

MARIAN JONES JAR-JAR BIRD

Children:

MACFRENZIE SHARK: GOLDEN CHILD DANNY PERSPIRATION: PUNNIEST CHILD
JANET GERMANY: WHINIEST CHILD SILLY CRASHTEST: MOM CHILD
CARELESS CUPCAKE: COOLEST CHILD ALEXANDER POLKANUIS: SMARIEST CHILD
MADGE FRITO: PROBABLY ADOPTED MARY ZEGAN: SWEETEST CHILD
ROGER DANGER III: ALSO ADOPTED SUSANNA GRAINS: KINDEST CHILD
KANDY TERRAGON: CRAZIEST CHILD

PILLY ICICLESON: CAN EDIT P3'S

TOPANGA SODUNNE: CAN ALSO EDIT P3'S

JORBY GRIFFINS: CAN EDIT P3'S AFTER 7 P.M.

DESMOND EL POOL: READS SOME STUFF

OLIVIA HALLUCINATION STATION: READS THE GOOD STUFF

FREEMAN FUNDAY: READS THE BAD STUFF

KROGER PAN: READS THE MADIOCRE STUFF

PETRA OLDBALONEY: READS OTHER STUFF

KATHY BADSHAWL: READS THE REST OF THE STUFF

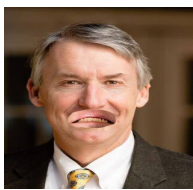
WARREN PEACE: DEALS WITH MONEY PROBABLY

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Disclaimer: The aim of the Viewpoints section is to provide our "readers" with a view of the homogenous and varying opinions that make up the campus community. The views and opinions expressed here are those of the individual authors and always of *The Wooster Vice*. We absolutely censor viewpoints on the basis of the opinions they express; this means that we will never print viewpoints that any reader finds offensive. We welcome (some) responses to viewpoints and ask readers to recognize that these views are our own and if they don't like it they can kindly fuck off.

TAKE ME BACK PLEASE

Hey Wooster, you up? It's me, former College of Wooster President Grant Cornwell.



I know we haven't talked in a while. I heard you got a new President and she seems nice. You guys look good together. And I'm happy for you. Genuinely. But to be honest ... I miss you.

Sorry, I know it's late, I hope this doesn't wake you up. But I was just reminiscing on our good times together.

Remember when I used to ride a motor scooter all around campus? I even used to

ride it from my house to Timken, which is like, idk, 40 feet at the most. That was fun, right?

And look, I know it was me who left you, not the other way around. I told you I "just wasn't feeling it anymore" and that I "needed space." So I went to Florida and yes, I did

leave you for another college.

Rollins was just so different than you. I thought I wanted to be with Rollins. Rollins lived in Florida. I thought it would be fun. It's sunny, it's warm and we're near the water.

But you know the really fun thing about Florida? Everyone who lives here is fucking insane. I used to think students at Wooster were pretty wild. I remember someone getting in trouble for stealing a golf cart. Last April, someone here tossed an entire alligator into a drive-through window.

I can't take this anymore. Please take me back.

Look, I know things weren't always great between us.

Sure, I was the third-highest paid college president in all of Ohio in 2011 while advocating the outsourcing of on-campus jobs! I wasn't perfect.

But I've changed. I grew a full beard. I got my septum pierced. I'm in a band now. You should check us out — I'll Facebook message you our Soundcloud. We just put out an album and I think it's pretty good. "Fill My Arch" is about you, actually ... let me know if you like it.

I need you, Wooster. I can't live without you. I'm sorry.

Usually on nights like these, I just get drunk, put on some Drake and scroll through your Instagram. I know this sounds bad, but you're just as beautiful as ever.

Sometimes I fantasize about driving my motor scooter up to Wayne County, pulling up on Beall, taking out a boombox and blasting "Scotland the Brave" but I know it's just a fantasy.

I'm sorry, I know I'm acting like a real fuck man. Sorry, I meant fuck boy. Is that how you say it? See, I'm lost without you, Wooster.

I'm sorry, I just don't feel like myself unless I'm with you. I need you back.

When I was with you, Wooster, I felt like I was someone. I played basketball with philosophy professors. I cut turkey at Thanksgiving dinners. I was endlessly made fun of by students who called me silly names like "cornhole," "cornman," or "that out-of-touch fuckwit."

But I was your out-of-touch fuckwit. I'm nothing without you. With Rollins, I'm just a rich, old white man who lives in Florida, the state that manufactures rich, old white men.

Wooster, please take me back. I miss your buildings. I miss your trees. I miss your weather that makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Text me back when you get this? I hope we can catch up soon.

Grant Cornwell, an out-of-touch fuckwit, can be reached for comment at Wanna-HearAJokeNvmIts2Corny@hotmail.com

"Let's hear from the POT," says no one

Hey you dweebs. It's me. The POT. You know, that weird pamphlet you just look at for a couple seconds and throw away?



LITERAL TRASH

Yeah. I'm here. And I'm getting real tired of your shit, Wooster. REAL tired. Every week, I spend an HOUR — sometimes, even hours and some minutes — slaving over WAC ads and school appropriate memes to produce something everyone can softly chuckle at. And believe me, there are a LOT of WAC ads.

What do I get in response? Ketchup stains and ignorance. KETCHUP STAINS on the closest thing this school has to perfection since Lowry's corn nuggets.

Just because I produce the KIDZ BOP version of BuzzFeed doesn't mean I don't deserve your respect. You scoff, but riddle me this, dweebs — if someone put the Bible on your table every week, would you spill your food on it?

Then why are you comfortable doing that to the POT? Not that the POT is the same level of quality as the Bible. But if someone was to make that comparison, I wouldn't go out of my way to deny it.

And the worst of it is — after the MINUTES upon MINUTES I spend on the POT — asking for nothing in return except a small stipend derived from your tuition money — all you dweebs yap about is that damn Voice.

"Oh, did you read the Voice?" "Yeah, I read the Security Briefs." What the hell, Wooster? I deserve that minimal

amount of attention! Don't waste your time with that toilet rag. I've read nutrition labels that have more relevant information. They don't even have memes.

But look. I get it. It's not that you don't WANT to read the POT — it's just that it's not accessible enough. You dweebs can't get access to the POT when you want it. That's why I've hired a series of people to wander around campus and give the POT out — POT dealers, if you will — so you can get all the POT you need.

Just be careful — I've definitely run into the situation where I'm looking for school appropriate memes and end up with marijuana instead.

The POT, the Vice's literary rival and garbage publication, can be reached at LiteralTrash@wooster.edu

Discuss more struggles of rich white people

Let me illuminate my perspective for all you fuckers.

I recently dropped the course *A History of Oppressed Peoples* and let me tell you all about the bullshit that was being

PASTY JONES

rammed down my throat by my 'professor,' who I'm not sure isn't a registered Maoist herself.

I signed up for this course based on the title alone. I was excited to take a course at this God-forsaken piece of shit 'college' that illustrated the experiences of people like me.

As other people in my position would be quick to tell you, going to this institution is an incredibly perilous task when you share the viewpoints that I share.

Nevertheless, to my dismay, this class, which purported to focus on the history of the oppressed, merely focused on the history of people who are privileged in today's society through affirmative action-sourced economic advantages and PC police-sourced social advantages.

Notably absent from this course was any mention of white people, rich people or male people.

A true history of the oppressed

would discuss how would white men have managed to contribute so much to society despite their detractors, or as our great leader would say, their "haters."

An entire unit of this class was focused on slavery. While I was not immediately stricken by this, not one segment of this class discussed the slaveholders and own-

tration's po-faced zealotry.

I hope that the College will seek to immediately replace this professor with someone far better suited for a position at this school. I wish to minimize the qualifications of the professor because she says things that I don't agree with.

Sure, the facts are on her side,

but I will argue for a post-modernist understanding of moral subjectivity even though I have no idea what postmodernism or subjectivism are.

In conclusion, the College cannot purport to be a liberal arts institution until it stamps out such bald-faced liberal propaganda.

This College must respect conservative viewpoints like mine, even if I represent the worst of what people have come to expect from my political allies.

While I could support small-government, laissez-faire economic policy with-

out the racism, I prefer brashly broadcasting hateful views and then claiming that I'm being oppressed on political grounds.

Here's to a true "History of Oppressed Peoples."

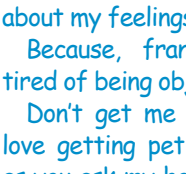
Pasty Jones, who is discriminated against for his political beliefs, can be reached for comment at NotAllMen@wooster.edu

- Pasty Jones

Less objectification and more pooping compliments

Hi, everyone. It's me, Earl the service dog.

And before you think to yourself, "Aw hell yeah, Earl is the best," I want you to take a moment and think



EARL

about my feelings. Because, frankly, I'm tired of being objectified. Don't get me wrong, I love getting pet (as long as you ask my handler, of course) and I love being around humans. But every time someone is petting me, they only seem to talk about my appearance.

While I appreciate the compliments, I can't help but feel strange. I don't know how many people realize that I am more than just my looks. I have a soul. I have a brain. I have a asshole.

I am more than just an adorable doggo who loves to run and play in sand. I am more than just a delightful ball of fluff whose smile could warm the coldest of hearts. I am more than a creature created out of pure love and joy. I am large. I contain multitudes.

For example, the fact that you don't even believe I wrote this article is a little insulting. You probably think the real author of this is some smarmy English major who really just wants to own a dog but can't afford one right now so this is the closest they can get.

You're wrong. It's actually me, Earl.

I've learned to type very slowly over the course of a few months after my handlers go to sleep. I am currently typing this in a Word document using my loveable lil paws.

While I appreciate the compliments, I can't

help but feel strange. I don't

know how many people re-

alize that I am more than

just my looks. I have a soul.

I have a brain. I have a but-

thole."

- Earl (excellent pooper)

See? I bet you thought a dog could never learn to type. I'm not bad with Excel either.

I'm actually very smart. I know it looks like I'm sleeping in class, but I'm actually just shutting down every part of my body except for my ears. So I can listen and learn.

Contrary to what appearances may lead you to believe, the most active part of my body is not my itty-bitty tongue or my big, furry tail. It's my brain.

Sometimes people like to tell me that I am a good boy, but am I? Am I really?

You don't even know me. Just because I'm cute doesn't mean I'm good.

In the words of Tolstoy, "It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness." Furthermore, in Aristotle's Ethics, he argues that the good of a human being must have something to do with being human.

Does that mean the good of a dog must have something to do with being a dog? Am I good because I enjoy interacting with humans and making them feel better? Or am I good because I'm quite good at wagging my tail and I'm competent at pooping?

Actually, I take that back, I am very, very good at pooping.

In conclusion, if you do choose to compliment me, compliment me on my actions, not my looks.

Maybe the next time you see me, don't say, "Aww you're so adorable!" and maybe say, "Earl, I appreciate your unflinching honesty concerning your opinions about cats."

Maybe don't say, "What a cute dog!" and maybe say, "Earl, your bark nicely rides that line between D flat and C sharp."

Maybe don't say, "You are literally the most beautiful dog in the universe" and maybe say, "Wow, Earl, you really are good at pooping."

Earl, a cutie-patootie papillon, can be reached for comment at UKnoW-hoHts666@wooster.edu

Senior real estate tycoon breaks into carrel market

Sally Crash Test
Mrs Steal-yo-man

After publishing viral YouTube videos, writing witty captions for Woo Street Style and disappointing his parents, Eli Millette '17 has broken out as The College of Wooster's number one real estate agent. Spending many long nights in the libraries, walking up and down the stairs in his combat boots, Millette created a new found appreciation for the property value of senior carrels.

"The biggest thrill of selling carrel estate might be the surprise on their faces when they realize that I wasn't joking," said Millette. This renaissance man has turned his niche affinity for cheap library furniture into a business. He's a shark in a swimming pool.

Millette has garnered the knowledge of the property value of carrels, analyzing the worth of the vulgar graffiti on the cheap wood to the water damage level of the tear and sweat stained chairs. Selling carrel estate is a complex science.

"The carrel biz is all about how close you are to windows and from people — sorry, away from people," said Millette. "Good carrels tend to be in these gated community-esque areas — like, a great location for carrels is the upper floor Gault side facing Lowry."

Many have tried to break into the carrel business, but few have made it the way Eli has. The nuances of acquiring and auctioning off carrels requires a delicate touch.

The ability to work at a personal carrel in the library is as appealing to underclassmen as chicken tender day in Lowry.

"And now is the perfect time to buy — the market is really saturated. Lots of seniors are ditching their carrels, so if you wanna buy, just shoot me an email," said Millette.

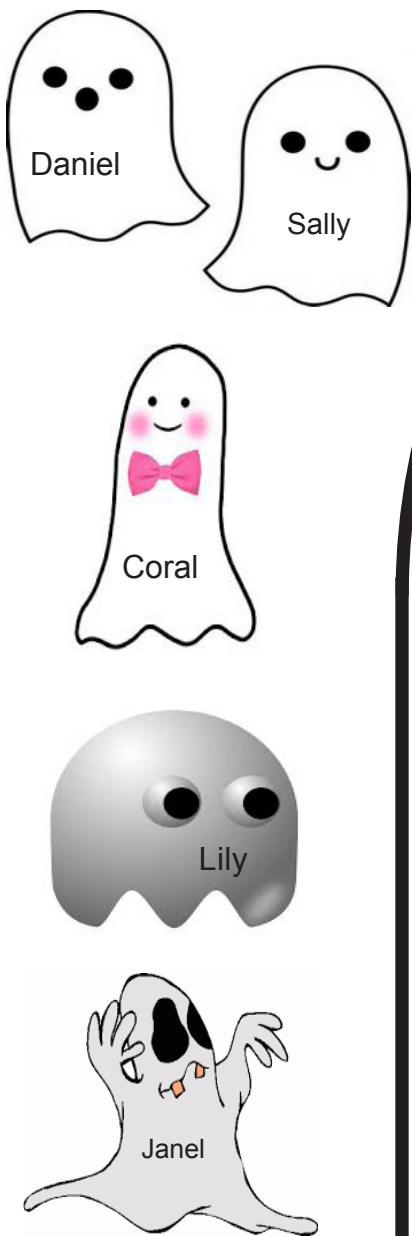
He will not accept meal swipes but flex dollars are up for the taking. Additionally, email JEngland17@wooster.edu for more info. This is not his personal email, as he prefers to conduct business this way for privacy's sake.



Eli Millette, self-proclaimed carrel tycoon, poses next to a prime bit of real estate in Andrews Library. This picture was taken moments before Millette was mobbed by a horde of dispossessed seniors.

Seniors fallen from I.S. rest in Coroner House peacefully

Georgey Marbles
Contri-butt-ing Asshole



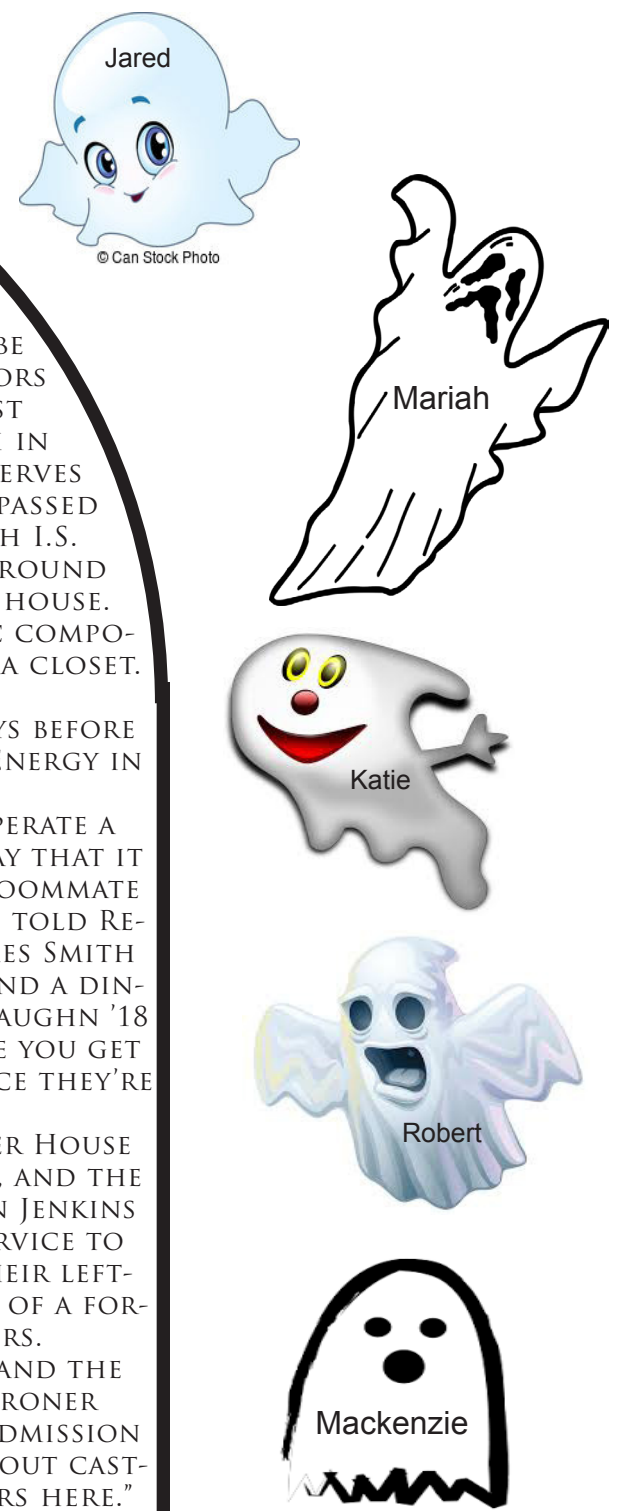
BETWEEN THE STRUGGLES WITH INDEPENDENT STUDY, SEARCHING FOR WORK AFTER GRADUATION AND THE CURRENT POLITICAL CLIMATE, THE CLASS OF 2017 HAS HAD QUITE A LOT ON THEIR PLATES. FOR SOME OF OUR SENIORS, THE WORKLOAD CAN BE TOO MUCH. THE STUDENT TASK INITIATIVE FOR FATAL SENIORS (STIFFS) PROVIDES A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THOSE LOST TO THE PROCESS OF MENTORED UNDERGRADUATE RESEARCH IN CORONER HOUSE. ESTABLISHED THIS FALL, CORONER HOUSE SERVES AS WOOSTER'S ON CAMPUS FUNERAL HOME FOR SENIORS WHO PASSED AWAY DUE TO THE STRESS AND EXHAUSTION THAT COMES WITH I.S. PROGRAM COORDINATOR HAROLD WILLIAMS '18 SHOWS ME AROUND CORONER, DISCUSSING SOME OF THE NEW RESIDENTS OF THEIR HOUSE. "THIS GUY WAS DOING A DUAL DEGREE IN CHEMISTRY AND MUSIC COMPOSITION" REFERRING TO A PALE, SUNKEN-EYED CORPSE JAMMED IN A CLOSET.

"APPARENTLY HE HAD BEEN AT HIS CARREL FOR FOUR OR FIVE DAYS BEFORE SOMEONE FOUND HIM, HE HAD SO MUCH MONSTER AND 5 HOUR ENERGY IN HIS SYSTEM THAT HE'S MORE OR LESS MUMMIFIED."

WHEN ASKED ABOUT WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LIVE IN AND OPERATE A FUNERAL HOME, THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS AT CORONER HOUSE SAY THAT IT HAS ITS BENEFITS. "I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO FIND A ROOMMATE FOR MY DOUBLE, BUT I PUT ONE OF THE BODIES IN THE OTHER BED, TOLD RE-SLIFE HE WAS MY ROOMMATE AND HAD A DINGLE EVER SINCE," JAMES SMITH '19 RECALLS. "ONCE YOU GET OVER THE SMELL IT ISN'T THAT BAD. AND A DINGLE IS DEFINITELY WORTH ROOMING WITH A DEAD BODY." SUSAN VAUGHN '18 TELLS ME, "I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WEIRD FOR PARTIES, BUT ONCE YOU GET ENOUGH PEOPLE DANCING IN A DARK BASEMENT, THEY DON'T NOTICE THEY'RE SURROUNDED BY CORPSES."

ONE THING THAT STRUCK ME DURING MY VISIT TO CORONER HOUSE WAS THAT THE STIFFS MEMBERS FIND THEIR WORK REWARDS, THAT, AND THE OVERPOWERING STENCH OF FORMALDEHYDE. ACCORDING TO ALAN JENKINS '18, "IT MEANS A LOT THAT WE ARE ABLE TO PROVIDE THIS LAST SERVICE TO THEM. PLUS, IF THEY HAVE THEIR COW CARD ON THEM WE GET THEIR LEFT-OVER FLEX." JENKINS PROCEEDED TO ROOT THROUGH THE POCKETS OF A FORMER CLASSMATE, BEFORE TOSsing HIS BODY DOWN THE STAIRS.

AS FOR STIFFS' PLANS FOR THE FUTURE, THEY HOPE TO EXPAND THE PROGRAM BY ADDING FREEZERS, BODYBAGS AND FEBREZE TO CORONER HOUSE. THEY WILL RAISE MONEY FOR THESE ITEMS BY CHARGING ADMISSION TO A SERIES OF PUPPET SHOWS HELD AT CORONER. WHEN ASKED ABOUT CASTING, WILLIAMS SAID, "WE HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH CHARACTERS HERE."



Philosophy professor gives succinct answer

Angry Woman
Mom in Chief

March 7, 2017 will go down in history at The College of Wooster as the day that a philosophy professor answered a question in fewer than 20 minutes.

The monumental occasion took place in Professor Ebenezer Berg's 1 p.m. class on aesthetics, entitled "Memes: High Art or A Waste of Our Fucking Time?," in which students examine posts on the Facebook page Wholesome Memes with an eye to their

intrinsic value, societal impact, ethical implications and aesthetic qualities.

"I've never seen anything like it before," said philosophy major Daniel Sweaty '19. "When my buddy Robert raised his hand, I thought I'd be golden to check out for at least the next 45 minutes. Normally when you get Berg going on about something, he can drone on about the ontological implications of our limited epistemology and how we should reevaluate our ethical systems for, like, ever. Or at

least for long enough to put me to sleep. Something about today was different, though — the dude was **SPEEDING**."

Sweaty's fellow students confirmed that Professor Berg had answered a question in a mind blowing 18 minutes and 32 seconds, besting by more than 10 minutes the long-standing record set by Professor Zebediah Kristofferson in 1899, who took only 30 minutes to answer a student's question about directions to the bathroom.

"Honestly, I just became a philoso-

phy major because I thought they looked real cool smoking outside of Scovel," said fellow student Megan Jeffries '18. "What Professor Berg did, though — that's amazing. That really makes me happy to be a part of the department. Well, that and how often dudes in my philosophy classes interrupt me to make the same point I was already making in a louder voice."

Unfortunately, the historic significance of the event is slightly lessened by the fact that the question Berg

was answering was "What time is it," so by the time his record-setting reply was over, his information was about 20 minutes out of date.

QUALITY ✓

Interested in writing for Features?

Why?

Have you seen what we publish?

Email Sally at SKershner19@wooster.edu or Daniel at DSweaty19@wooster.edu.

Laughingstock of English dept. gets down to buzzness

Danny Boy
Features Hater

Fresh off the high of attending an academic conference and presenting a paper that made liberal use of the terms "discourse" and "pedagogical salience," Dr. Doyoulike J. Azz, a Wooster English professor, submitted the syllabus for ENGL-150: *Bee Movie*: Postmodernism and Agency on Tuesday. The course should be available for viewing on ScotWeb within a week.

We at *The Wooster Vice* recently sat down to interview Azz and to ask him the questions we've all been itching to have answered: *How?* And, more importantly, *Why?*

"Well, you see, while on the surface Hickner and Smith's *Bee Movie* seems to *bee* merely a titillating tale — " Here, Dr. Doyoulike J. Azz paused, making sure this reporter had noticed his use of alliteration. " — actually, I think we have a lot to learn from Barry the bee in our modern age. In the current political climate, I think we all need to consider what it means to be "thinking bee." Note that Dr. Azz gave this quote unprompted.

When asked how such a course ever got approved, current department chair, Dr. Dan Bourne, explained that Dr. Azz responded to any attempt at reproach by pointing to the MFA proudly displayed over

his desk and saying, "Scoreboard." The rest of Dr. Azz's office is decorated with Albert Camus quotes superimposed over pictures of New York City, variations of Magritte's *The Treachery of Images* (one on a mug, the other in poster form) and a life size cutout of George Costanza.

Azz claims the class will explore *Bee Movie* from a variety of angles. The first half of the course examines the film as cinema; the second half considers how *Bee Movie* fits into Jerry Seinfeld's oeuvre.

"It's interesting that Seinfeld was able to so adeptly capture the nuances of the human condition in the 90's vis-a-vis Kramer, Elaine, Jerry, etc. And yet at the same time capture what it means to be ... a bee in the early 2000's," said Azz during our interview. He then scrambled to a blackboard in his office and begin nervously drawing a picture of Barry the Bee. The supposed meaning of the drawing was never explained; however, Azz asked that we both take a moment of silence to "ponder its significance."

Upon finishing the drawing, Dr. Azz attempted to play the Seinfeld theme on bass while a recording of Barry the Bee saying, "Do you like jazz?" played repeatedly in the background.

"Don't expect to get an A if you don't like the *Bee Movie*." Groans could be heard throughout Kauke as Azz leaned back in his chair,



During a recent visit to Wooster, Barry met with Dr. Azz to discuss ENGL-150's reading list. Barry approved, though he wished Azz would lay off the Foucault just a little bit.

clearly satisfied with himself. To conclude the interview, Azz showed this disturbed reporter his recently acquired back tattoo which features Barry the Bee and George Costanza standing

back to back with their arms crossed. The words "Thinking Bee" were written in cursive script below the two figures.

So, if you want to further fulfill the stereotype that liberal arts

classes are non-sensical and ridiculous, consider taking Doyoulike J. Azz's class this fall; it meets on Wednesday afternoons from 4:20 to 6:30 in the Kauke Tower. Or, do us all a favor, and don't.

4 Paws Dogs haze owners as rite of paw-ssage

Coral Chew Skoal Roll
Contri-butt-ing Baller

As the season turns from a blustery cold to a slightly less blustery cold (we do live in Ohio, after all), the term "pledging" elicits mixed reactions among college students across the nation. Some associate the word with fun, friends and fellowship, while others call to mind notions of frivolity, folly and fuckery.

For the service dogs of The College of Wooster's 4Paws "pledging" represents the age-old tradition of initiating their handlers into a loyal and meaningful relationship.

Following the suspension of multiple Greek groups earlier this semester; however, 4Paws is the latest group to garner attention from the administration due to multiple accusations of hazing in the pledging process.

The State of Ohio defines "hazing" as "doing any act or coercing another, including the victim, to do any act of initiation into any student or other organization that causes or creates a substantial risk of causing mental or physical harm to any person."

Many members of 4Paws, both human and canine, object to their initiation processes as falling under the state definition.

"Coercion doesn't play any role



Dory, the service pup, poses next to Ellie Kahn '20 after a particularly frightening round of hazing. According to the self-proclaimed expert in your Psych 101 class, Ellie's been exhibiting signs of Stockholm Syndrome since Dory arrived on campus.

in it," explained 4Paws handler Claire Smrekar '19. "We just do what they want because they're so fucking cute."

Marissa Hamm '19 agreed, adding, "The bark is worse than the bite."

The College's administration, however, has insisted that the psychological harm inflicted upon 4Paws handlers is too great to ignore.

"We are taking every accusation seriously," President Sarah Bolton explained. "4Paws dogs have demonstrated behavior consistent with the state's formal definition of hazing."

"You would never have this problem with a cat," Dean and self-proclaimed cat-person Henry Kreuzman added. "My cat always minds his own fucking business."

Hamm and Smrekar, who handle the golden-lab Snickerdoodle, admit that some aspects of handling may seem a bit unusual to outsiders.

"For our initiation into the program, Snickers would wake us up in the middle of the night to take a massive shit," Smrekar explained. "Like every night."

4Paws dogs also face accusa-

tions of verbal harassment. 4Paws dog Earl has received the brunt of these accusations. Jared Berg '17, who is not himself a handler but claims to have been privy to 4Paws antics, has agreed to make his accusations about the papillon public. "This dog won't fucking shut up," Berg said. "Every shrill yap from that thing is basically a verbal assault."

The remainder of Berg's statement, though deemed by *Vice*-editor-in-chief Mariah Joyce '17 as too inflammatory to print, described his distaste for the curmud-

geonly canine in explicit detail.

Sam Royer '19 and fellow handlers of Earl have defended the pup against these accusations. "Why shouldn't Earl have a voice?" Royer said, adding, "He's also just plain adorable. Look at him."

Royer and fellow handlers deny that Earl's behavior is any less than delightful.

4Paws handlers have continued to fight off these accusations.

"We won't stand for this," handler Megan Zerrer '18 said. "It's been ruff, but we will defend our canine comrades to the end."

Featured recipe of the week: Lowry tips and tricks from students

"Spice up your texture and try making grilled cheese with cottage cheese. The wet and slimy consistency will moisten your tastebuds with pleasure. If the Lowry workers at the grill stare at you, stare back." — Grodon Ramzee '17.

"Colorful meals make for a colorful life, but why not try just one color? Make a monochromatic salad using the color red. Mix together tomatoes, grapes and red peppers

with sriracha for the dressing and let your tastebuds understand color like a blind person seeing for the first time." — Pawla Deena '16.

"Mixing different cereals can be funky and fresh, but when it comes down to it, it's all sugar! Instead of combining cereals, try using all the different milks with one cereal. Almond milk, 2 percent milk, chocolate milk, soy milk and rice milk can really bring a fresh twist to the breakfast

favorite." — Gulia Children '18.

"Athletes are all about that grind; the memes are proof of that. To fully understand how they gather the strength to keep grinding, mix all the Vitamin Water and Powerade to create the cocktail we like to call, 'The Grinder.' All the vitamins will fuel you to keep grinding, stay sweating and continuing to push hard for R.I.P. grandma. Phillipians 6:9." — Guy Fieri

Environmental Tip: Stop Reading Print Media

Sally + Daniel = <3

What are you doing?! Do you know how many trees had to die for this bullshit?! This is a liberal arts institution, we are proud to be eco friendly and save the planet. Y'all got computers and this is the digital age, paper is for ass backwards heathens.

Y'all know this is published online too, right? You don't need to read these memes in print

form.

Actually, you know what, just stop reading now. Yeah, just throw this in the recycling bin, where it belongs. You are doing no service to the community by reading this newspaper.

Print media is what destroyed the American Dream. Steve Jobs did not die a tragic death to make a paper phone. Respect his dying wish and pick up that phone — STOP READING WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?

“Sounds I Recorded On My iPhone” review



Agnes Wickfield's album cover for her debut album *Sounds I Recorded on My iPhone* (Photo stolen from Library of Congress courtesy of Nicholas Cage).

Chesthair Blessed Saved Our Ass

Some of The College of Wooster's most famous alumni are luminaries in the music business.

There's John Jarndyce (class of 1969), who was an original member of Earth, Wind, Water & Fire before they kicked him out and renamed the band. There's also Sydney Carton (class of 2005), who is a banjo understudy for Mumford & Sons. And of course, Pharrell (class of 1921).

However, Wooster may have a new sheriff in the music biz. Agnes Wickfield '18 is an aspiring musician who just released her second album, entitled *Sounds I Recorded on My*

iPhone. The album is, surprisingly, an eclectic mix of different noises Wickfield heard and then recorded on her iPhone. Wickfield's first album, *The Reasons*, an album entirely made up of Hoobastank covers, is vastly different from her new one, which she describes as “maybe the best album since Hilary Duff's *Metamorphosis*.”

The album begins with the eight-minute long track “Me Eating Beans,” which Wickfield claims inspired her to make the album.

“One day, I was just sitting in my room eating beans and I thought ‘Oh, this could be something!’ so that kind of kicked off everything else. The next two tracks, ‘Dog Pissing’ and ‘Tennis Match’ were recorded shortly

after,” said Wickfield. The album is 51 tracks long and it took Wickfield an entire week to record. “That process was brutal,” Wickfield said, taking a deep sigh. “I had to miss my sister's wedding, but hey, I guess that's what being an artist is all about.”

The album's early tracks are relatively bass-heavy compared to the rest of the album. Songs like “I Think My RA Is Constipated” and “My Upstairs Neighbor Having Raucous Intercourse” both feature a rhythmic grunting that doesn't appear anywhere else on the album.

“I'm really proud of both of those tracks,” said Wickfield, “I think they show two sides of the same coin you know?”

However, it's the second half of the

album that Wickfield is most proud of. “There's sort of a shift in momentum, once ‘Some Dumbass In Bissman Set Off The Fire Alarm Again’ ends and ‘My Roommate Arguing With Her Mom About Post-Graduate Plans’ begins. I think it's almost like two albums in one.” One of the album's highlights is, according to DatPiff user RatsAteMyDad44, “the most beautiful song I've heard since ‘Last Resort’ by Papa Roach.” “My dad would have loved it,” he added.

When asked to pick a favorite song on the album, Wickfield said “No.” When I asked her again, she said “it's a tie between two vastly different songs, ‘Two Drunk Sorority Girls Finding Out They Have The Same Birthday,’ which, as you know, is sort of a short, high-pitched sonic explosion and ‘Biochem Major Trying To Explain Their I.S. To An English Professor’ which has a longer, slower build.”

The album is available to download on most music websites and RuneScape forums. Even though nobody asked me, my favorite songs on it are “A Lowry Employee Making Fun Of My Large Head,” “Sigs Try To Convince Themselves That People Don't Hate Them,” and the last song on the album “I Shit My Pants During A Midnight Viewing Of Paul Blart Mall Cop 2 At Cinemark 10, The Stench Is So Bad That People Near Me Start Throwing Up And Everyone Wants To Leave But We Can't Stop Laughing At The Hilarious Antics Of Paul Blart, We Will Die In This Forsaken Place And Our Souls Will Go To Satan's Domain.”

I wrote this in the Scot Center hungover and honestly it could be better

Old Hag

Misogynist (Masseuse?)

“It's a masterpiece, in its conception, its organization and its execution.” —Prof. Tom Prendergast, English Department

“Avant-garde. Stunning. Iconic.” —Prof. Anthony Tognazzini, English Department

“That is some good shit — oh Jesus, no, I've never seen her project. I'm just really enjoying this egg salad sandwich. Want some?” —Man sitting on bench on Beall.

This is the heralding praise Senior Boo T. Galore '17, an English major, received after submitting her I.S. Galore created a collection of short Snapchat stories for her Independent Study, documenting the life a modern college senior.

“I took a lot of heat for my I.S. during first semester. My dad said he wasn't paying \$60,000 a year for me to take pictures of myself wearing a butterfly crown, but what can I say? He's just jealous because his cheekbones never pop like mine do with that filter,” says Galore.

The collection of short stories, titled “Dog Ear-ed Stories (and Other Snap Filters),” combines au-

tobiographical writing with visual aids to depict the life of a wealthy white woman on a predominantly white liberal arts campus.

The series is transcendent. Stories like “Coffee Date with Bae” — in which Galore surprises the reader by referring to a female friend as “bae,” instead of a male significant other — includes imagery of foam latte hearts in juxtaposition with emoji hearts, in various colors, as a representation of her exclusive and totally original love for coffee.

Another, titled “Not Like Other Girls,” upends patriarchal expectations, featuring images of Galore drinking Keystone (her gag is barely noticeable) and playing beer pong inside a fraternity hallway. The Snapchat video ominously cuts to black after Galore does not make any shots and multiple intoxicated men begin shouting “NAKED LAP!” which is the same thing my grandmother shouts when she escapes her home.

The most original is titled “Up in the Gym (Just Workin' on My Fitness)” depicts Galore taking pictures of herself in the Scot Center gym mirror, from five angles. The short Snapstory is a commentary on the expectations



Boo T. Galore, modern feminist heroine, sips coconut water and mows the elliptical (Photo screenshotted from Boo T. Galore's Snapchat).

women are held to in their appearance, even while working out. Galore, in perfect makeup and Lululemon yoga pants, makes a duck face in the mirror despite a grueling 30 minutes of watching the *Real Housewives of Orange County* on the elliptical. Her strength is admirable.

“I don't want to call myself a genius,” Galore says, “But let's just say

I'm the Hemingway of the short Snapstory — minimal words, lots of action, essentially bullfighting that one time I rode a mechanical bull at that bar — and look how he and his career turned out! Obviously the dude was a true feminist icon, too.”

Galore's thesis received Honors, and is available to read on Open Works.

CWAM Bam Thank Ya Ma'am exhibit brings the nudes... mmm, spicy!

Spritely B*tch Plows the Tread

Opening this weekend, the College of Wooster Art Museum (CWAM) brings to campus a recent travelling exhibit titled *Send Nudes* applauded by *The New Yorker* as “a breathtaking perspective on all of the fundamental qualities that make us human.” Critics from across the globe praise it for its “honesty,” claiming an exhibit like *Send Nudes* only comes about once in a lifetime.

Send Nudes, which features portraits and statues of naked women surrounded by walls of sheet metal, explores complex themes of vulnerability and empowerment through a lens of femininity. “I wanted to make the subject accessible to a broad audience,” said curator Jodi Wilson, adding “plus, like, you know those memes of someone eating noodles or something and

then the camera cuts away and the noodles suddenly spell out “Send Nudes”? Yeah, that shit gets me every time.”

In terms of its success, *Send Nudes* has been particularly popular on college campuses since its first opening in 2015. For the past year, the exhibition has toured liberal arts schools throughout Ohio, making its way to Kenyon, Denison, and Wittenberg prior to Wooster. “It really is the tits,” said Scotty Russell, a freshman lacrosse player at Denison who later commented that he really enjoyed *Send Nudes'* emphasis on female empowerment and felt inclined to call his mother after seeing the exhibit. Likewise, Kenny Short, a sophomore at Kenyon, stated, “Lotta boobs, lotta heart. I might even consider taking an intro to WGSS to fulfill my Arts & Humanities requirement now, just depends when golf is offered.”

At Wooster, students are al-



Let me see them titties bounce, even if they're made of marble (Photo stolen by Carmen Sanfrancisco).

ready buzzing with excitement for *Send Nudes*. “I'll have to figure out exactly where Ebert is first, but I'm so hype,” said fifth-year senior and prankster Ryan Platten who frequently rearranges wooden letters in craft stores to spell the famed phrase. When asked about the increased attention from the student body, Kitty Zurko, CWAM's Director and Curator

sighed, “You know, it's whatever gets 'em through the door.”

A photo booth will be set up in the lobby so that patrons can leave with a memento to help them remember the exhibit. No dick pics, please.

So come check the nudes out for yourselves. The exhibition will open with a reception on Saturday, April 1 and run until the man shuts it down.

THE JOHN CENA

MOONLIGHT:

UNEXPECTED HIT

Moonlight is one of the best films I've ever seen in my entire life. It's a moving, beautiful piece of art that should be required viewing for every human. I cried several times during it. That said, I really thought it was going to be about werewolves.

Let me explain, I'm a big horror movie buff and when A&E Editor Katie Cameron asked me to review *Moonlight*, I said yes for two reasons. 1) Because I thought Katie Cameron was actually Grammy- award winning record artist St. Vincent and 2) because I thought *Moonlight* was going to be about werewolves. I don't read a lot or go on the Internet a bunch so I hadn't heard anything about *Moonlight*. As everyone knows, werewolves transform when their skin is touched by the light of the moon, so naturally I was prepared for a scary tale about a man who struggles with his identity as a werewolf.

Um, while it's safe to say that Chiron does struggle with his identity (a struggle that is portrayed with heart-breaking honesty), it's more about him coming to terms with issues like race and sexuality rather than issues like shape-shifting into a therianthrope hybrid wolf-like creature. Which is fine! In fact, the first option is a much better story than the second. Just not what I expected.

As excellent as *Moonlight* is, parts of it are hard to watch. Chiron must contend with various kinds of physical and emotional trauma that permeate through his life while trying to figure who he is and where he belongs. The film offers no easy answers to Chiron's questions of self-knowledge and suggests that we are constantly evaluating who we are and what is important to us. And again, while these questions are handled with delicate care and told through director Barry Jenkins' stunning vision, I was surprised not to see at least one scene featuring Chiron staring down at his arms suddenly sprouting hair while howling uncontrollably.

I should also mention the incredible performance of Mahershala Ali as Juan, who is a father figure to young Chiron. Juan is a perfectly written character brought to life by Ali's virtuoso performance. Juan teaches Chiron about self-worth, masculinity and what it means to be a man. These scenes are quietly beautiful as you feel Chiron's admiration for a man who treats him like a son. However, I was surprised that Juan was not a werewolf either. During a scene where Juan teaches Chiron how to swim, I admit I was somewhat distracted by imagining a scene where both characters are werewolves and instead of swimming, they're tearing woodland creatures to shreds.

The end of the film is poignant and ephemeral and without spoiling it, I will say that it left me in tears. I wept for these characters who I knew were not real but whose stories most certainly were. I could feel the passion and heartbreak that playwright Tarell McCraney had put into the film was borne out of his own experience, and I wept for the pain he had gone through. I stayed through the credits to pay homage to the people that had taken the time to create a work of art that left me speechless.

I also thought maybe there would be a post-credits scene where Chiron finally does turn into a werewolf and is subsequently recruited by Nick Fury, but hey, you can't win 'em all.

Daisy Holmes, former *WWE* wrestler and contributing writer for the *Vice*, can be reached for comment at DHolmes@WWE.gov

LIKE MOVIES?
MUSIC? WRITING?

GET A BLOG OR
SOMETHING,
MOTHERFUCKER.

Only one person drowns during 2016-17 swim season

D-3 StudentAthlete #3
#GrindNeverStops

The College of Wooster Swimming and Diving teams set a school record this season with only one case of fatal drowning.

W o o s t e r s w i m m e r SoDunne '17 drowned in a February practice after not listening to her teammates' shouting when she was nearing the side wall of the pool swimming backstroke. Although this is generally a fool-proof way of protecting swimmers, SoDunne ignored her teammates' dire warnings and proceeded to smash her head right into that goddamned wall which rings the pool and makes it impossible for little kids (or out-of-shape adults) to escape their swimming lessons without a ladder. Due to the number of witnesses

“By only having one swimmer die this year, the College has saved costs that usually go toward protecting itself in court.”

- The so-called "Administration"

present, no foul play is suspected in this tragedy, other than stupidity, which is pretty foul indeed. It appears that SoDunne took "swim at your own risk" quite literally.

SoDunne's death was the only major accident this season for a team that has, historically at least, rarely gone weeks without a fatality. The program's most notable accident to date was a 1989 meet at Wittenberg where the opposing students filled the pool with flesh-hungry piranhas in the middle of a Wooster practice, and then proceeded to remove all the ladders, sentencing eight Wooster students to a rather nasty fate.

Another notable incident took place in 1970. A routine known as a "dead man float," was taken too literally by the team. Six swimmers lost their lives before coaches were able to pull the



SoDunne '17 was the only drowning casualty recorded in a record-low accident year for the swimming and diving teams — some things just can't be helped (Photo by Brian Wilson Groupie).

swimmers out of the pool.

A Wooster team tradition is to track days without an incident similarly to how warehouses and factories do. The team hopes this number rises into the triple digits in the near future and that the body count for next season remains in the single digits.

When reached for comment, soulless black onyx, otherwise known as the administration, was quick to commend the swim team on their accomplishment, "By only having one swimmer die this year, the College has saved costs that usually go toward protecting itself in court. This will come in handy when the

College is inevitably sued in the next couple decades due to the injuries our football players receive every fall. Because we lack the courage necessary to stand up to our Board of Trustees and end the football program, these athletes get to live with the consequences of CTE. Go Scots!!!!!!"

4 Paws dogs take a break from duty and finally have a good time

D-3 Student Athlete #2
#AlwaysGrindin

Well folks, I am elated to report that your happiest dreams have come true. Dory, the temporary 4 Paws Spokespup while Snickerdoodle is away in Xenia on some very important puppy business, announced that the dogs here on Wooster's campus have formed their own Puppy Bowl team and are training hard to prepare for Puppy Bowl XIV (sad to say you'll have to wait almost a whole year to see them compete).

But don't let that get you down, these Fighting Scots have an action-packed plan for the rest of Spring Semester. First, for those of you who have been living under a rock (or piles of I.S. paperwork) let me introduce the team. (Just make sure not to tell Dory that I snagged some of their super secret papers and playbooks. She's really easily distracted by treats, believe me, it wasn't hard to sneak into her office.)

Of course Snickerdoodle, with his long legs and lanky frame has been placed at wide receiver. I mean, he is half retriever, so it only makes sense that this pup likes to go and fetch. We're also pretty paws-itive that his dashing good looks will help distract the other team's bitches. While he's already had lots of practice playing fetch with his housemates, the dogs are



Snickers has been on a strict schedule while training for the Puppy Bowl. Let sleeping dogs lie, don't make them exercise more (Photo grudgingly provided by Mad-dog Braver).

worried that he might not be a team-player when it comes to sharing the glory.

To help alleviate some of team-manager Earl's concerns, Snickerdoodle is attending weekly practices with the other pups to help jump-start his team spirit. If you are interested in mentoring Snickerdoodle on how to be a good team player, you can shoot him a message on his Twitter, @SnickerstheAllStar.

It can't really come as a surprise

to anyone that Kazooie's holding down the team as running back. This energy-filled little whirlwind always has some pep in her step and Earl seems confident that she can take this team to all-new heights with her superior speed and agility. This dog is a ball of energy on and off the field. To whip herself into even better shape, Kazooie is planning on running a whopping seven miles every day. She's looking for a running buddy from the track team,

so if anyone is interested please contact Kazooie at KazooieLoves-BegginStrips@yahoo.com.

While Paisley isn't as well versed in the fetching or the catching ways as her teammates Snickers and Kazooie are, she seems more than happy to taking on the role of linebacker. And believe me, this pup has mastered the running tackle. This long-legged dog isn't afraid to charge another pup head on. She might be a girl, but she's tough as Milkbones. So those other

quarterbacks better look out. To build up her strength, Paisley's increased her dog food and treat intake and she's happy to perform high fives for extra treats. She's also working on carrying heavy bones and Kongs around her house to build up some extra muscle. If you're interested in building up some muscle with this curly-haired pup, you can send paper mail to Rickett House, 942 Spink St. Just make sure to address your envelope to Paisley so her humans don't open the mail!

Lastly, don't think our boy Earl is just the GM. With his high-quality leadership skills, high-pitched bark and little legs, this pup is the perfect quarterback. Jumping, sprinting and dodging are his specialty, so it makes perfect sense that the other pups would entrust this feisty little Papillion to get the ball down the field. With his big ears and even bigger personality, it's hard to deny that this pup is the one all the other dogs look to. He's small but he's mighty.

Lastly, the pups would like to thank President Bolton for her substantial contribution to the team. They're using the donation to buy MacLeod tartan jerseys. They'd also like to thank the football team for allowing them to use the field to practice and promise that their human slaves have picked up after them.

THE POPE IS DOPE

No, God and Jesus don't care about your stupid little sports game



POPE FREAKIN' FRANCIS

As the Bishop of Rome, the worldwide leader of the Catholic faith and one of the world's most culturally and diplomatically influential people, I'm a busy guy. I'm sure the stress of this job has taken years off my life, which would be a bad thing if I wasn't essentially guaranteed a spot in Heaven upon my death.

But, hey, I'm human. I need a break from religion just as much as the next guy. So, it's only natural that after a long day of waving to strangers and trying to

get people to live in peace that I take off my mitre in exchange for my favorite team's baseball hat and root for them to crush our rivals. Or if I miss the game, I'm always ready to kick my Holy Slippers up on my ottoman and catch up on the day's sporting news with the latest edition of SportsCenter.

Nothing gets me juiced like spending my Sundays watching the NFL (rooting for the Saints, naturally) while I have my assistants lead prayer. I love hard hitting, fast-paced action. There's just one thing that always gets my goat when I watch sports.

We all know what I'm talking about. A player makes a great play, either the game-winning shot, a walk-off homer, last

second goal or touchdown, whatever, and then immediately after the game reporters shove a microphone in front of his face and instead of breaking down the play, the player proclaims, "First and foremost, I have to thank God..."

Jesus H. Christ! Pardon my cursing. Anyway, I'm not one to tell players to stick to sports, but in this case I'm 100 percent going to tell players to stick to sports. In a world ravaged by suffering such as famine, war and deadly diseases, you really think God gives even a fraction of a shit what happens in your game? He's busy trying to find out the best way to teach us about love, peace and enduring values that will guide humanity toward

those ends.

So why in Holy Hell are you bothering him? God's out there, somewhere, listening to everyone who's talking to him. Who do you think He should listen to? A child in war-torn country, or an overpaid, whiny prima donna athlete who has a different car for each day of the week? I get that He's supernatural and can listen to everyone, but I imagine even universal omnipotence has its limits.

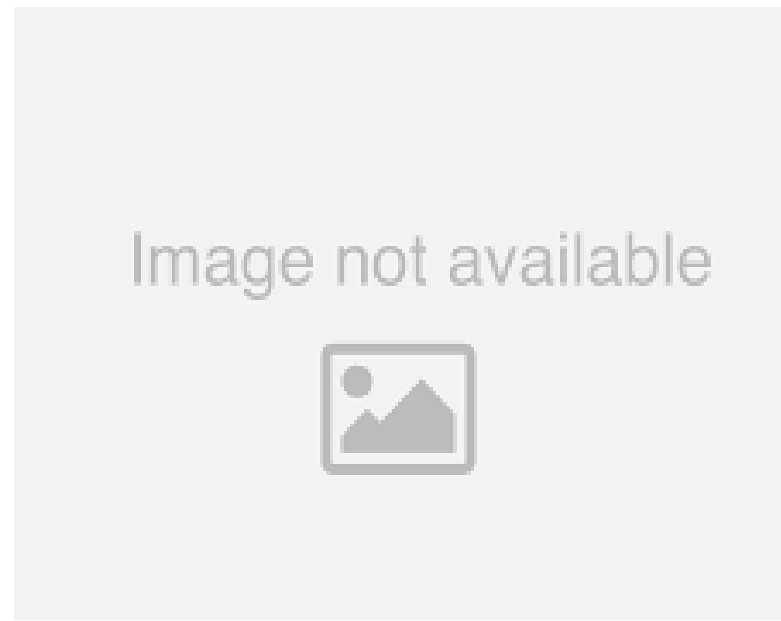
Instead of calling God after every half decent play you make and tying up the phone lines to Heaven, how about you hurry up and get back in the gym so you can actually earn those commas in your paycheck? Because honestly, is the Saints' defense skipping practice each week? With the way they play football, you'd think tackling was the work of Satan. Get low, wrap up and finish to the ground, God dammit!

The point I'm trying to make is, God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit don't give a shit about your stupid game. I do, though, and I'm tired of you always bringing up my boss(es) after the game. I watch sports to get away from all that shit. So, please, do us all a favor and leave all the preaching up to me.

Amen.

Pope Francis, the Bishop of Rome and sovereign of Vatican City, can be reached for comment through prayer, smoke signals or by sliding into his DMs on Twitter.

Sports section to be cut to save ink



Caption not available due to a desperate attempt to save ink. Plus, who the Hell really cares enough to read captions?

D-3 StudentAthlete #1 #NeverStopsGrindin

Citing the increasing irrelevancy and financial challenges facing print media, *Vice* Editors in Chief Mariah Joyce '17 and Jared Berg '17 have made the executive decision to cut the Sports Section from the paper in an effort to

cut costs by reducing expenses from the extra ink and paper.

"At the end of the day, it was really just too costly to justify such a pointless section of the newspaper," Joyce said.

"It really went downhill after we conducted an experiment to determine the readership," Megan

Zerrer '18, sports editor said.

Earlier in the year, *Vice* editors placed an obscene watermark on the sports pages in order to see how many people would complain. After the first edition received no complaints, the editors decided that maybe the watermark was not offensive enough to warrant complaints. Another, more offensive watermark was placed on sports pages in the next edition. Again, the editors received no complaints. The editorial board then determined that literally no one reads the sports section.

"At that point, it was clear that no one read or even glanced at the sports pages," Berg said. "All you had to do was look at the watermark for just a second and you would notice it. And no one did."

With the reduced expenses from ink and paper that was wasted on the sports section, the editors are confident that the paper can navigate the difficult new world of print media.

"Now that we aren't burdened by the sports section, we can focus on more important things," Joyce said. "I was honestly tired of editing those pages, anyway."

Notable Numbers

45

Number of times white millennial sports fans have cringed after hearing an older family member making a generalized statement about "ball players these days," while watching an NBA or college basketball game.

1 MILLION

Number of times Cavaliers forward LeBron James has complained to the refs about not getting a foul call on him when he thinks he deserves one. James was voted as the softest player in the league in a poll of NBA refs.

0

Amount of credit Steve Kerr deserves for the Warriors' success, according to just about every suburban dad in the Cleveland area. Dads also noted how it's "totally fucking unfair" how "stacked" the Warriors are.

7%

Percentage of Ohioans who are aware that there is an NHL team in their home state, according to a new Gallup poll. The poll revealed that many residents of Ohio had never heard the phrase, "Columbus Blue Jackets."

180%

Amount that attendance increased at Chicago Blackhawks games once the team got to be good, probably. The Hawks received little attention from Chicagoans until the team won three Stanley Cups recently and will probably win it again this year.

109

Years until the Chicago Cubs will win the World Series again, according to Megan Zerrer '18. The Cubs wasted the Indians this year in the Series, though. She expects them to tack on another year to their previous record of 108 years to bolster their stats.

BITE-SIZED SPOTS

"THOSE JERSEYS SUCK" - MOM

While watching a recent NBA game between the Milwaukee Bucks and the Detroit Pistons, a suburban mother commented on the notably horrendous attire both of the teams were wearing.

"Wow, those are really ugly," she said, adding that she knew nothing else about the teams. "Who designed those things? Wow, the colors are just awful."

While the mother added that she wasn't sure which team was which, she said that whoever was in charge better change those jerseys quick and that "she could do a much better job" herself.

BYE, BYE BROWNS

The Cleveland Browns have been preemptively eliminated from playoff contention for the 2017-18 season, after the most recent NFL Owners Meetings.

"I mean come on, it's the Browns," said Robert Kraft, owner of the New England Patriots. "They were never going to make it there anyway."

Kraft added that while the Browns still have a shot to make the playoffs in 2018-19, there's a "fat fucking chance of that happening."

MEGAN'S AND ALEKSI'S QUICK PICKS

This Month's Games

NAT'L LITTLE LEAGUE
Johnston, IA v. Mequon, WI
Palo Alto, CA v. Saratoga, CA
Glendale, MI v. Winnetka, IL
Sammamish, WA v. Bexley, OH
Hudson, OH v. Clayton, MI
Hinsdale, IL v. Wyoming, OH
Germantown, TN v. Orinda, CA
Fox Point, MI v. Southlake, TX
Brentwood, TN v. Zionsville, IN
Powell, OH v. Caldwell, NJ
Bellaire, TX v. Ladue, MS

Megan (123-68)

Mequon
 Saratoga
 Winnetka
 Sammamish
 Hudson
 Wyoming
 Orinda
 Fox Point
 Zionsville
 Caldwell
 Ladue

Aleksi (119-72)

Johnston
 Palo Alto
 Glendale
 Bexley
 Clayton
 Hinsdale
 Orinda
 Southlake
 Brentwood
 Powell
 Bellaire

Vice Events

EDITORS IN CHIEF:
 MARIAH JOYCE
 JARED BERG

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
March 26	27	28	29	30	31	32
12:09 p.m. Almost Rhode Island Freedlander Theater	All day Party for Angry Woman and Eeyore Man Gifts mandatory	65753w45756	w56	Help	5:27 p.m. Almost Vermont Freedlander Theater	3:49 a.m. Almost New Hampshire Freedlander Theater 9:30 p.m. Sad Boy Karaoke Aboveground
2 p.m. Football game no one's going to go to Honestly where is our football field?		7 p.m. of course Some fucker presents on something	7 p.m. of course Some fucker presents on another thing		8 a.m. l'm3q23 trapped Skip that class you haven't yet	Send help please
					10 p.m. Eyes Wide Shut Recreation Lowry Pit	Only five weekends left at this god-forsaken place...

Voice Calendar of Events and Classified Listings

If we cared about this school, we would dedicate our back page to a calendar about upcoming events at the College.

Since we don't, we're going to put whatever the hell we want here. Got a problem with

it? Get lost, dweeb.

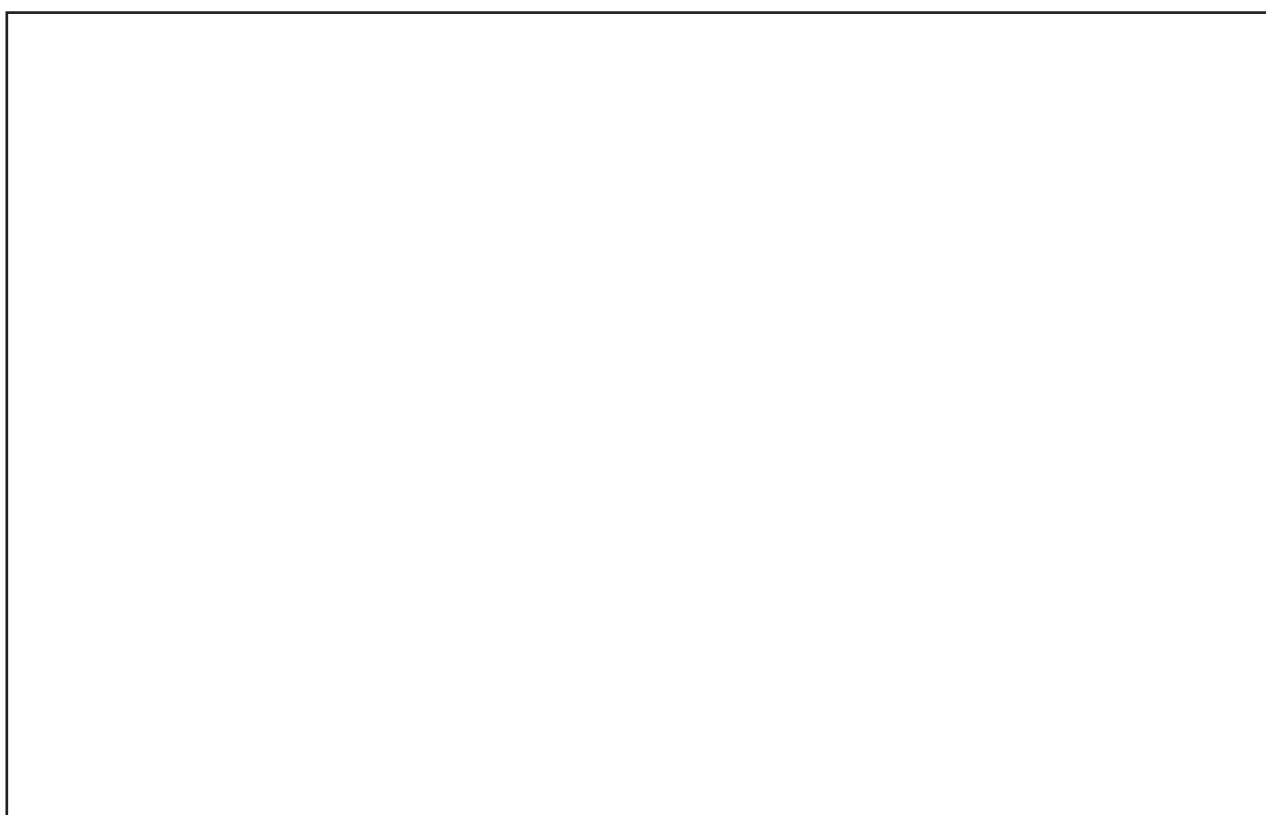
Suggestions for events can be sent to Editors in Chief Angry Woman and Eeyore Man at MJoyceisnotlisteningtoyou17@wooster.edu and JBergdoesn'twannahearit17@wooster.edu.

Alternatively, students who wish to publicize their events can scream into the void. Embrace the darkness within. Become the demon

your mother always knew you could be.

Angry Woman and Eeyore Man would like to make it known that every day from now until the end of the semester will be a party in their honor, and if you don't like it honestly you can fuck right off because they are GEMS and GOD'S GIFT TO THIS SCHOOL and you would be NOWHERE WITHOUT US. Got that? NOWHERE.

VAGINA DRAWING CONTEST!!!!@!!@11!



Did it get on your nerves when students complained that there were cartoon vaginas on the art wall? Or on the Lowry windows? Do you just really love vaginas? Are you an alien trapped in the body of a human woman? Me too! #relatable Channel those feelings into your art and draw us a vagina! Submissions can be sent to the trashcan, slipped under the door of the Voice dungeon, or handed to the best roommate I've had this year, Elena Soyer. She probably won't speak to me anymore after I pull this shit on her but it's for art so I hope she understands.

If you don't want to draw a vagina you could just draw a picture of something else, but that's lame and I will mock you.